Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord.
Liſt a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burſt the bloudy proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetnes that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd;
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings
(The precious ſtones new loſt) became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire;
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was armed,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe;
I aſkt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt,
Told him my pilgrimage; but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extreames of paſſion, ioy and griefe,
Burſt ſmillingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath moued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on;
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay,
Alb. If there be more, more woefull hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue hearing of this,
Edg. This would haue ſeemd a periode to ſuch
As loue not ſorow, but another to amplifie too much
Would make much more, and top extreamitie: *Lear ſc.*
Whil'ſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man
Who hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate
Shund my abhord ſociety, but then finding
Who 'twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke and bellowed out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
Told the moſt pitious tale of *Lear* and him
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His

His griefe grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice: then the trumpets ſounded;
And there I left him traunſt.
Alb. But who was this?
Ed. Kent ſir, the baniſht *Kent*, who in diguiſe,
Followed his enemie king, and did him ſeruice
Improper for a ſlaue.
Enter one with a bloudie knife,
Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?
Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy
Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes, it came euen from the heart of——
Alb. Who man, ſpeake?
Gent. Your Lady ſir, your Lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poyſoned, ſhe hath confeſt it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marie in an inſtant.
Alb. Produce their bodies be they aliue or dead;
This Iuſtice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* ſir. *Enter Kent*
Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow
The complement that very manners vrges.
Kent. I am come to bid my King and maiſter ay good night:
Is he not here?
Duke. Great thing of vs forgot;
Speake *Edmund*, wher's the king, and wher's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*? *The bodies of Gonorill and*
Kent. Alack why thus? *Regan are brought in.*
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was beloued;
The one the other poyſoned for my ſake,
And after ſlue her ſelfe. *Duke.* Euen ſo, couer their faces.
Baſt. I pant for life, ſome good I meane to do
Deſpight of my owne nature; quickly ſend,
Be briefe, in toth' caſtle for my writ,
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*;
Nay ſend in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.
Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office? ſend
Thy token of repreeue.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword, the Captaine,

Giue